Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. | [Vol. II, No. 9.] NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1886. [Whole No. 35.] | Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

PEN AND INK AND CHARCOAL.

BY MRS. MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

COME look at our baby, he's one year old,
His eyes are of blue, and ripples of gold
Are running all over his pretty head;
His cheeks are like roses, and coral-red
Are his dainty lips; in his dimpled face
The smiles and tears run an endless race.

But he's such a darling! We love him so,
Life would stand still were he called to go
Out of our knowledge and care and love—
Yea, even to sing with the saints above!
He's a lovely picture, so glowing and bright
As he stands beside me in snowy white.
From his yellow hair and his snubby nose
Down to the tips of his little pink toes,
He's a marvel of beauty and infant grace
(And also a marvel of frills and lace,
For he's going out in his cart to-day
To outshine the baby over the way).

The wondering look of his dark blue eyes
Is as deep as the cloudless summer skies,
And his golden curls—Cr-r-r-r-ash! dash! bump!
At that sound my heart gave a dreadful jump!
O where is the baby? that awful sound!

My lovely poem was nearly bound
In its blue and gold when I had to close
And tumble down to the dreariest prose.
For baby had found a scuttle of coal
Which was not quite full, and the precious soul
Leaned over to clasp an ebony gem,
When the scuttle tumbled down on him.
There are tears and scratches and smut and lace
All in a jumble on baby's face.
Talk of pictures and poems!—the little wretch
Is nothing now but a charcoal sketch!

P. S.—I neglected to say when I started this rhyme
That this was the sixth edition which Time
Had gotten up for our young household
Of dainty poems in blue and gold!

THE MAC ALLISTER MILLS.

BY MARION MANVILLE.

THE night-whistles were just blowing at the Mac Allister Mills, and the long line of workmen were filing out, tin pail in hand, on their way to home and rest. Afar off little Meg Scott, daughter of John Scott, the night watchman, heard the shrill whistle with the throb, throb of escaping steam underneath like a great pulse slowing its beating as the works shut down for the night.

Little Meg was carrying her father's lantern as she had done every night for four years, barring the three weeks that the mills were closed by the strike, and as it was nearer to follow the narrow path upon the edge of the reservoir than go by the road she went that way. Meg was a hardy little Scotch lassie who had no brothers, and who was therefore assigned many a task which would otherwise have fallen to a boy's lot, had there been one to take it.

As she followed the straight line of yellow clay which made the path light by night, she noticed how dark and leaden the sky looked, and how much darker and more leaden the great water in the reservoir appeared save for the little white-caps here and there, which looked as if the water showed its teeth at little Meg in the dark, like an angry animal in its huge cage. She drew her small plaid shawl over her head a bit closer, and walked sturdily on. But someway, although she was not what the good Scotch folk call a "fearsome bairn," and by no means aware of the possession of nerves, she could not help listening to the lap, lap of the water against its strong bank, and it seemed to the child to have an ugly sound she had never noticed before.

The wind swept over it, plunged at Meg's shawl and skirts, swung the heavy unlighted lantern she carried, and rushed off to the hills beyond, where she heard it roaring in the naked trees. She hurried on, meeting now and then a tired workman who bade her good-evening, and passed along with his empty pail rattling its tin cup noiseily, and cheerfully withal, as if to remind him of the smoking-hot supper awaiting him upon the same stove which cooked his daily dinner.

Meg had never thought about it before, but to-night it seemed pleasant and cheerful to meet the workmen and hear their gruff voices speaking to her. She had never been given to imaginary terrors, even those which faithful old granny sitting in her chimney-corner at home had crooned over and over again until they had lost much of their terrors if none of their charms. These were mostly about hallowmas spells, ghosts, and hobgoblins in general, and haunted manor-houses in particular, standing at midnight—Meg sometimes wondered vaguely if they ever stood and *where* they stood during the remaining twenty-three hours of the night and day, for she never heard of one not particularly associated with midnight, near to lonely cross-roads where a murderer had been buried with a stake through his heart. Then there were special dates when sprites and tricksy spirits were wont to lurk abroad and work mortals mischief. Meg wondered if they were any relation—these bad little pixies, to the good brownies who used in olden times to visit the weary housewife's domain while she slept and do up her sweeping for her, not to mention taking care of the cream and churning, whereupon she invariably awoke to find six golden pats of butter in an earthen bowl upon the table, and the hearth swept and garnished by that same innocent broom which now stood upon end behind the door as if it had idly dozed the night away with its mistress.

Such tales as these were very cheerful to think about, but the night would call her attention to itself in one way or another, either through the sky, which had lowered for a week through an almost constant rain-storm, and seemed only gathering its forces during a lull for a fresh attack, or through the dark water that she could have laid her hand upon by stooping. Then, too, she remembered how Granny, Meg's great-grandmother, a toothless old dame upward of ninety, sitting with her Gaelic Bible upon her knee, had shook her palsied

head and mumbled about a strange dream she had three times repeated the night before.

"Hoot, Jeanie Scott," she said to Meg's mother, "dinna scoff th' night-thought. Gin ye see th' guid-man hame himsel' it weel be lang, hech! mickle lang."

It seemed the vision which had thrice appeared had been of seeing John walk over the water of the big reservoir with little Meg in his arms. Three times he had nearly reached shore, but each vision vanished just as he sank out of sight with little Meg held fast in his arms. But Granny was old and childish, and Meg's mother not being given to superstition had replied,

"Nay, bide ye quiet, Granny; John will sure be hame i' th' mornin'."

Then Granny told how the Michaelmas before her guid-man died she had seen him in a dream crossing a dark water and going away from her. She called him so loudly that she awakened herself, and twice thereafter, as she fell into a troubled sleep, the vision re-appeared. She took it as a warning, and before the year was out the guid-man was dead.

Little Meg hurried on with her father's lantern. He often said he could trust to no one's cleaning of the lamp and trimming of the wick but Jeanie. Through the thickening dusk she hurried until the great factory door was reached. Here she raised her shrill little voice and called,

"Father, father."

"Coomin', Meg, me lass," responded the hearty voice, and the big door swung open just as a sudden gust of wind and dash of rain swept up against it.

"Hi, Meg; ye ha' better bide wi' yer father i' th' mill, tha' ga hame i' th' storum."

"Nay, father, mither bid me coom hame."

"Weel, lass, sin' yer mither say th' wurd, best ye run quickly. It's uncanny enou' out for bairns."

So picking her up in his strong arms he kissed her good-night, and bade her again to hurry home before the storm broke. As she ran off through the darkness he called,

"Gin yer see Roger McElway, Meg, lass, bid him double his beat o' th' dike, fer th' water will be rough enou', an' th' river be risin' twenty mile above, young master said."

So Meg, mindful of her father's warning, watched to see the swinging light of Roger's lantern as he made his beat round and round the big bank. But all was dark. There was no light save the gray glimmer in the sky where the late day had just passed, or now and then a flickering light in some cottager's window down in the lowland. Meg wondered where Roger was, and a bit of fear shot through the child, for she knew he sometimes loved his cup too well.

But then, bethinking herself how rarely his sprees came, and how trustworthy he was when himself, she felt reassured, especially when she remembered how every one thought that Margery, a shrewd, strong Scotch woman, and a capable wife to him, was considered more than able to watch Roger while Roger watched the banks.

From tales she had heard told the child thought what a terrible thing it would be to have all this great water loosed and flooding the low-lying valleys; how they said the banks had once given way, and many, many lives had been lost. She wondered why people were content to live under the great flood which might at any moment break loose from its confinement and carry destruction with it. She was too young to realize how people grow careless to danger through familiarity, which in this as other things often breeds contempt.

Up the valley, in a longer lull than usual, came the sound of the town clock striking eight. The village was three miles down the river, but they could hear the bells easily when the mills were closed and quiet, and the wind right. Five—six—seven—eight—tolled the bell, and as its last stroke died away, Meg, who had instinctively paused to count the stroke, heard another sound. A little trickling, bubbling noise, quite unlike the lap, lap of the waves against the banks. She listened in sudden terror. The wind rose again and the new sound died out under it, but Meg knelt down and peered over the edge. There was a dark line, with now and then a speck of white foam upon it. Half-way down the bank, and at its foot, a great, dark spot that crept out over the meadow as she looked. Again the wind died down, and once more the strange noise came. Plainer, louder, this time—the unmistakable rush of water through a crevice in the bank!

Up sprang Meg. What should—what *could* she do? A leak in the great wall! She looked around for Roger's lantern, round the huge oblong table-land of water. No light was there. She thought with sickening terror how fast, they said, a crevice grew. Her first impulse was to fly for home. The cottage stood high up on a hill, above the reservoir, out of reach of the waters. But her next thought was for her father in the mills. Perhaps by giving the alarm they might yet stop the flood.

In an instant she turned and fairly flew back toward the factory. Her feet were winged by fear. With every gust she fancied there came the rush of wild pursuing waters. In every lull she heard that little trickling sound increased to mighty volume. Sharp, swift, relentless, she imagined that tremendous wall of water rushing with a wild roar after her.

With flying steps through the storm, along the narrow path, slippery and uncertain with the rains, and now only a dim streak of light under her feet, fled little Meg. It was well for her those small feet were so familiar with the way. As she neared the towering buildings she raised her voice and shrieked through the dark,

"Father—father, there's a leak i' th' wall. A leak i' th' wall!"

Good John Scott tramping on his beat, ever watchful of fire or flood which might destroy his master's property, heard that small voice in the night and sprang to the barred door.

"Why, Meg, my wee lassie," he had begun, fearing some disaster at home, but Meg knowing how many lives were hanging upon each scant second interrupted him in breathless haste.

"Th' water's coomin' out o' th' bank, father. There's a leak i' th' wall!"

The words were but half-spoken before her father snatched her up in his arms and ran for the north building where hung the great factory bell.

"Meg, we must ring th' bell, else the guid folk i' th' valley an' yon bonnie town will a' be swallowed oop!" he gasped. Not a word for self, not a thought of buying his life and Meg's at the cowardly price of neglected duty.

Peal—peal—peal—rang the bell. It seemed alive, as if it said, "Flood—flood—flood—fly—fly!"

But its warning came all too late. Men had but time to snatch their wives and babies and flee to a place of safety, before with a great roar the bank crushed out, and with the speed of the fastest locomotive the mighty waters swept away.

Brave little Meg had saved many lives by her courage and fidelity. And while the flood rushed on, high and loud the bell rang its warning. The north building was of stone, and stood upon higher ground than the main mill buildings. The waters crept up to it, but could not sweep it quite away, although they crushed the big factory buildings together like egg-shells.

All night long Meg's father held her in his arms and prayed, while the little bell-tower trembled and rocked, but stood. Houses, barns, trees, cattle, property—every thing but human life was swept away before it. I say every thing but human life; a few days after, when the flood had subsided and men were at work amidst the ruins, they found poor Roger McElway, with the tell-tale bottle broken in his pocket, and the wire handle of his lantern still clutched fast in his dead hand. He must have fallen asleep upon his beat, and awakened only for a brief second before entering the last long sleep, into which no neglected duties may enter.

When every one came to know how little Meg had carried the news through the dark, and how she and her father, unmindful of themselves, but mindful of the people in the val-

ley, had faced death to save other lives, the wealthy stockholders who came up from the city made up a purse and bought a comfortable home for her father, and in addition gave little Meg the best education which could be procured for money.

So you see Granny's dream just missed coming true, and all because little Meg was brave and faithful.

THE MONK.

I READ a legend of a monk who painted
In an old convent cell in days by-gone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs! not fit to be a chapel's treasure!
Full many a taunting word upon them fell.
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do!
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view!

"But no—'tis vain! I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns still less can he admire;
My life's work is all valueless—to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes; within his cell—O, wonder!
There stood a visitor—thorn-crowned was he,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder—
"I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or meed;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

—*Home Journal.*

OUR CLUB.

BY ARTHUR C. QUICK.

FOR at least a week before the closing of the school term at the Stanton Grammar School, four or five of us were frequently seen "clubbed together," as the other fellows expressed it, in one end of the class-room, or in one of our studies, and, of course, they were all awake to discover what was "in the wind;" what we were getting up; whether we were going on an excursion up the mountains, or were getting up a surprise present for the "doctor;" whether we were arranging for a grand base-ball match on closing day, or were trying to get off another good practical joke on the day scholars. And these were the only conclusions that they reached, for we were determined to keep our own counsel until we had our little plan well cut and dried, and consequently the rest of the school were left out in the cold, as it were—for the present at least.

But one day we decided to "send a message to court," as we had a habit of terming it when any one was sent to ask a favor of the "doctor," and, of course, the person chosen must be the ringleader of all our sports—jolly, big-hearted, good-natured Lyonel Gordon. And well pleased with the honor of doing the commission, Lyon waited until one afternoon when the principal was in an extra good humor over a well-recited natural philosophy lesson, and then coolly waylaid him as he was leaving the recitation room and going to his study.

"Well, Lyon, what's the matter now? You seem to be so good-humored I suppose you want to beg a half-holiday for the school to attend the fair to-morrow, don't you?" asked the doctor, pleasantly.

"Well, I don't care if I do," was Lyonel's quick reply; "but that isn't exactly what I stopped you for—I have another little plan to lay before you."

"All right. Let's go to the study and sit down over it."

"You see, Mr. Stanley," began Lyon, "four or five of us in the natural philosophy class have been talking about forming a club, which will perhaps include eight or nine of the boys. We can give the club some appropriate name, meet about once a week, and sift down some of these lessons to every-day talks and applications; buy a few instruments, and try some of the experiments occasionally. I think that in this way we can get a better insight of Nature's every-day occurrences, and learn more of the natural world around us in a week than we have sometimes learned in a whole month."

So Lyon's opening was made, and overheard by my inquisitive and invincible chum, Ed Bartles, who had started toward the doctor's study to ask a favor, and had wickedly stopped and listened at the unclosed door.

Of course, Ed made a dash for the main hall, where three or four of us were discussing the probable fate of our scheme.

"Ah, my learned and scientific friends, I hear the 'lion' wants to rent Smith's vacant coal-yard for a museum, and fit up a gymnasium and laboratory in one end, eh? No wonder that you have been so close about it," and he dashed up to his room.

You see, Bartles was such an uncertain sort of fellow that we determined to keep the project from him until we had arranged every thing, and then, of course, we meant to offer him a membership, for he was one of the class, and a bright and thorough student.

"There, he's got it now!" said Will Harvey; "we might as well tell him all of it, and make him keep it from the others."

So away we went in a body to besiege Bartles's room.

Well, the doctor thought favorably of our project, and Lyon joined us in a better humor, if possible, than ever. He told us that the doctor had agreed to give us a "send off" in the shape of a little talk on the nature of water at the end of the first week of the next term, and would himself furnish what instruments we would need in our studies, and agreed to assist us in almost any way.

"Good for the doctor!" we shouted in a chorus, which was joined by the warning tones of a recitation bell, and some of us at once plunged down stairs, followed by an avalanche in the form of Tom Ellis trying his locomotive powers down the hall baluster.

The first Saturday of the new term at length arrived, and, as if in sympathy with our club meeting, rained in torrents nearly all day.

"It appears that the doctor will have material enough to use in his microscope if it rains at this rate all day," mumbled Bartles from his position in an easy-chair at the window.

"Hope he'll send you out to gather a specimen of it," volunteered the lion, who was deep in a game of checkers with me, while a couple of the other fellows were playing chess with such zeal that they had forgotten that it was raining, and now for the first time looked up.

But at length it began to clear, and presently we were interrupted by the knock of Principal Stanley, LL.D., and an invitation for the club to retire to his study.

Of course, the doctor was unanimously elected to the presidency, while the lion received second honors. Will Harvey was chosen to take charge of the club's bank account, if it

ever had any, and I received the laborious position of secretary, with instructions to make use of my stenographic powers whenever called upon. That is why I happen to be penning this sketch.

After a long season of pleasant chatting and business talk and "sma' talk," the president thought it about time to motion a change of ceremonies, and began to plume himself preparatory to giving his little talk.

"We at least have the sympathy of the weather with our subject," began the president; "and shall perhaps have an opportunity to examine some of the fruits of it before we close. But we must take the rain with the sunshine, for water as well as air and light is necessary to the life of all animals and plants. Water is seen every-where in nature; indeed, three fourths of the earth's surface is covered with this wonderful and useful, yet sometimes destructive, fluid. Its relations to the air are of the most intimate kind. In fact, the ocean springs from the atmosphere which surrounds it. Vast volumes of the vapor are absorbed daily into the atmosphere, floats beautifully and majestically over the earth for a time, and falls to the earth in the shape of rain; this washes down the hill-sides, carrying quantities of earth along with it to lower levels, flows into the rivers, where, by the ingenious hand of man, it is made to do his bidding, sometimes in the labor of carrying of ships and boats, and in turning huge water-wheels, which in turn give employment to hundreds of people; then it glides quietly and joyfully into the arms of the mother sea. In this manner the loss by evaporation is supplied.

"But its work is not yet finished. In fact, its labors and frolics are only just begun. It sports in the sunlight and rolls furiously in obedience to the commands of the storm; it flows to all parts of the world, and equalizes the temperature of countries which would otherwise be extremely cold or hot; in its rambles it explores the shores of every land, and far too frequently swallows in its fury vessels and people; and so this mighty mass of water rolls and roars until, by the power of the sunbeam, it at last rises into the blue sky and proudly floats away.

"The wonderful effects of these different motions of water are every-where seen. The hard, jagged rocks are worn smooth like pebbles by the ceaseless wash of waters; and passages broad and deep are cut through the solid rock, as is seen at Niagara.

"The waves in which you take such delight to bathe in the summer are produced by the friction of the wind against the surface of the water. If there was no friction in nature, the wind would blow over the ocean without disturbing its surface in the least—just as if it was blowing over a frozen river; if there was no friction in nature, bodies when set in motion would move on forever, and this world would be a very uncomfortable place in which to live. But I began to tell you about waves. A light wind produces mere ripples in a still harbor; these increase in size out in the open sea, for waves roll upon waves until they become great billows, which constantly surge to and fro so that 'the sea never rests.' The wind raises the water, and gravitation draws it back again to its former place. So they dance up and down, but do not advance, as you may think they do; it is merely the form of the wave which moves forward. This is seen in fields of grain as it bends in billows when the wind sweeps over it, or when shaking a carpet, or a rope, or in the thread of a screw when turning it around, or a buoy which is floating upon the water. The form progresses, but not the substance of which it is composed.

"As I told you a while ago," continued Doctor Stanley, "water prevents sudden changes of weather. In the summer it absorbs vast quantities of heat which it parts with in the fall to moderate the rapid approach of winter; and in the spring the water, which during the winter has become very cold, gives it off to moderate the approach of warmer weather."

"Doesn't water contain many very small fish and snakes too small to be seen with the naked eye?" asked Tom Ellis, glancing around to see whether Bartles contemplated getting any water for examination.

"Yes," was the rejoinder; "there are millions of these animalcules in the stagnant ponds which we see. A single drop of water is large enough for a multitude of these minute creatures to lead a very active life, and they are found wherever there is water. A single drop of water is an ocean to them, in which they swim and frisk, fight and quarrel, and so on; and if you should note their movements in a drop of water it would perhaps remind you of a school-room full of disorderly boys when their teacher was absent."

I mentally decided, while jotting down this last paragraph, that the doctor wished the last questioner and Bartles to note the semblance, and consequently I coughed, and gave them the wink as they glanced toward me.

"As small as they appear to be," continued the president, "yet dying, they have been fossilized—that is, turned to stone—and now form large masses of chalk. Tripoli, or polished slate, is composed entirely of the stone-like remains of these animalcules. Coral is formed in somewhat the same manner by very small inhabitants of sea-water, but they are much larger than the animalcules.

"Bartles," he continued, "you may go out to that little pond of water behind the house, that has been standing for several days, and bring me a little of it, and I will get my microscope."

Of course, a slightly audible smile passed along the ranks at this announcement, but as we were in session nothing was said.

Dr. Stanley returned with his microscope, and soon Bartles appeared. A drop of water was placed under the instrument, and the members were allowed to examine it, when lo! the water seemed to be swarming with the little reptiles and shapeless objects possessing life. I will not mention the exclamations that followed; they were too numerous and varied. The almost countless living objects, large and small, were moving in every direction with considerable swiftness, but generally they were wise enough to steer clear of their neighbors in the perpetual dance.

Another drop was put under a more powerful microscope, and the larger animals seemed like elephants when compared with the many smaller ones which then appeared. Presently, while I was using the glass, two of these little serpents met, and a severe battle ensued, lasting several seconds. Finally the larger of the two triumphed and swallowed his adversary at a mouthful, while the minute cannibal whisked away in search of another meal.

After the wonders of the drop of water were duly examined and commented upon, Dr. Stanley resumed:

"Pure water is never found in nature. It always contains some dissolved impurities. In parts of the country where lime is found, the water contains small quantities of that substance in a dissolved condition, and the people speak of it as being hard water. In other parts of the country the subterranean channels or veins of water, in the course of their underground travels, pass over beds of sulphur or other mineral and carry a portion of it along with them, which is noticed in the taste of the water. These wells or springs bear the name of sulphur springs, or mineral springs.

"The nearest approach to natural pure water is rain water, after a season of rainy weather, for then the impurities of the air are usually absent, the larger part having been absorbed by the previous showers. Thus we see that water, as it leaves the clouds, is entirely free from impurities, and proves the following rule: 'In evaporation water leaves behind all impurities.' If it were not so the falling rain would be largely composed of mud and stones. Consequently, positively pure water can be obtained only by evaporation; or, as the process is usually called when superintended by man, distillation.

"Water always contains a quantity of air," continued the president, consulting his watch. "If it did not, fish could

not live; and water, if heated above the boiling point, would be liable to explode at any moment. Every vessel of boiling water would then have to be as carefully watched as a steam-engine, and our houses would be the scenes of frequent explosions. As it is, when the temperature rises above the boiling point, the extra heat passes off safely in the form of steam. What a wise provision for our safety and wants God has made!"

"Mr. Stanley, why is the water in the ocean and great lakes so blue?" asked Harvey. "The water as we use it is always perfectly clear."

"It is seen in the lakes and large rivers and in the ocean, and resembles the deep blue tint of the sky," was the reply. "Perhaps it arises from the same (supposed) cause—the intermingling of air and moisture. But it has never been fully explained; it is one of the mysterious wonders of nature.

"I have been spending so much time explaining the phenomena of water, that I have almost forgotten to tell you of what it is composed, so I'll begin upon that subject.

"Water is composed of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. You may think it curious that two kinds of gas should unite and form a substance so entirely different from either of them; still it is true."

Dr. Stanley produced a jar containing some hydrogen gas, which he had previously procured, and inverted it. A lighted candle was plunged into it, and burned with a pale blue flame as long as he held it on the line between the gas and the outside air, but as soon as the light was thrust into the gas, it was extinguished.

Then he produced another vessel containing about half as much oxygen as there was hydrogen in the jar, and mixed them. When the candle was plunged into it the whole mixture burst into a flame and exploded.

This was rather sudden and unexpected, and rather startled most of us, but the lion looked as calm as a stone fence, and murmured,

"Dynamite, Ellis. Look out!"

The doctor smilingly assured us that Lyon was mistaken, and asked us to examine the jar. It was found to contain only steam, which soon became cool and formed water.

All were astonished and much pleased with the experiment, and after explaining it to us Mr. Stanley proceeded with his subject.

"Many years ago a philosopher named Cavendish tried this experiment and found that it produced pure water. Other experiments have been made by filling a small cannon with these two gases in the same proportion that I did—two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen. When the gun explodes it sends a huge mass of steam from the muzzle, but the cool air instantly condenses it, and it appears in the form of water.

"Another method of proving the composition of water is to fill a strong tube with two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, and exploding it by means of an electric spark, when the gases are replaced by water.

"I will now show you how to separate water into its two parts," continued the president, "if you will go with me to the kitchen."

Entering the cook's sanctum we caught a glimpse of the train of that personage just disappearing through a door, and the doctor jokingly remarked that as the enemy had retreated leaving every thing, we were privileged to help ourselves to—chairs, which we did.

An iron was put in the fire to become hot, and a kettle of water upon the stove to boil. In a short time he gave Lyon a large-necked jar, with instructions to hold it over the iron so as to catch the gas. He then removed the red-hot iron from the fire, and held it in the steam of the boiling kettle, while the lion held the inverted jar over it. After the iron had cooled somewhat, he laid it down in the fire, picked up another, and so continued for quite a while.

"This jar is now partly filled with one of the kinds of gas composing water," said Mr. Stanley, "and we will try to discover which one it is."

He pushed the candle up into the jar, and when it reached the gas it was extinguished.

"Hydrogen!" exclaimed several.

"Are you sure that it is not oxygen?" asked the president.

"Yes, sir," replied Will Harvey; "for while we were in the library, you put the light into the hydrogen, and it went out quickly."

"Right, Harvey," was the rejoinder. "Now, can any of you tell me what becomes of the light when we thrust it into oxygen?"

"It burns with a dazzling flame," replied Lyon and Bartles.

"Are you sure of it, boys?" he asked.

"I think we are right," said Lyon. "For the other day in the recitation room, when you were explaining the composition of air, you said that Lavoisier was uncertain what kind of gas he had in one of his vessels, so he asked a lighted candle to tell him, and it burned with a dazzling flame. He named the gas oxygen, didn't he, Mr. Stanley?"

"Yes, that's correct. I'm glad to find that you remember the story so well, boys. Now," he continued, "the gas that we have in this jar is hydrogen; but where is the oxygen? According to a well-known law, the water, or steam, parts with its oxygen to the metal, while the hydrogen is given off as gas. This experiment is called decomposing water. There are several other methods, but this is the simplest.

"When we remember that the larger part of the earth's surface is covered with water, what large quantities of these gases must be present under their disguise! But the presence of water is not confined to the earth. Our bodies and the structures of every animal and every plant and tree are largely composed of this wonderful liquid.

"It is getting so late, and we have made the story so long, that we will have to stop, and so I move an adjournment," concluded the doctor.

"If this is the end, I suppose we will have to adjourn," volunteered Lyon; "but we have certainly enjoyed our first meeting."

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a real blow to Jack, giving up his prospect of further education, but he faced it like a man. Thanks to his mother's training he was tall and strong for his age; very unlike his cousin Will, who was pale and thin and always ailing. Will had gone with his father into the Danvers Bank, where he was "boy," having to sweep out the rooms, make the fires, run of errands, and learn the business from its beginning.

The only thing for Jack to do was also to begin at the beginning; but it must be in some other business than banking, and after some weeks of suspense he found a place in a "general store" in Danvers, and was glad enough to think he could still board at home. His duties were not all pleasant. He had to be at the store very early in the morning to make the fires, sweep, dust, take down the curtains from the shelves, fetch in coal from the shed to last through the day, look over the goods in the cellar to see if the apples and potatoes stored there needed sorting, or if the covers were all right on the butter jars or the cheese-boxes; then all day to run on errands, wait on the other clerks, and only be spared time enough for his meals.

It was all new to Jack, and he had to give up his amusements almost entirely. But Sunday became dear to him as it never had been, simply as a day of rest.

* Copyright, 1886, by Phillips & Hunt.

Aunt Maria and Aunt Sally bemoaned his hard fate at all seasons, but Manice strengthened him with her own hope and courage.

"Poor boy!" sniffed Aunt Sally. "Here he'd just got a new pair of skates, and he can't have an hour to skate in!"

"Why, yes, I can, Aunt Sally. Wednesday nights they shut up at six, and there's a whole evening."

"In the dark!" growled Aunt Maria. "And how are you goin' to see air-holes and the like? You'll be drowned before you know it."

"I'd rather not know it if I'm going to be drowned," laughed Jack. "But there's no danger, Aunt Maria; the pond isn't deep enough to drown me; and I shall keep off the river unless it's a bright moonlight."

"But only one night!" sighed Aunt Sally.

"That's a lot better than nothing!" and Manice's bright, tender eyes smiled at him across the tea-table.

"Half a loaf 'th better than no bread!" lisped Alice, with such a wise look Jack had to laugh.

Manice had trained all her children to look persistently for some good in every arrangement of their lives. She allowed no whining or fretting. Prompt, cheerful obedience was enforced till it became a habit; and they caught from her a spirit to "make the best of it," which she acted on herself always.

"She beats all!" Mimy said to one of her cronies. "I b'lieve if she had nothin' better 'n a crash gownd to wear she'd say 'twas as good crash as the' was; and the childern take after her. They don't cry onless they 're really hurt consider'ble, and then she says, 'That's right! cry a lot, dear, it lets off the excitement!' Laud! I've seen folks that fetched up their children not to cry, never, not if they was hurt; made 'em hold in if they was burstin', and then took on because they had heart complaint when they growed up, when the creturs done it themselves a-tirin' the weak little hearts out with holdin' in; and I've seen folks that let young ones cry and bawl the hull endurin' time for every thing they wanted and every thing they didn't want, till every mortal bein' hated the sight and sound of 'em; and I don't call it fair to young ones to make folks fairly hate an' dread 'em for want of a little tunin'. But our Mrs. Boyd's got on to the right course an' steers straight. *Our* childern aint no little primmy stuck-ups, too good to live, neither. They're real youngsters, but they know where they b'long, too. She aint forever a sayin' 'Don't ye! don't ye!' and they aint noosances to the hull house. I tell ye, Mrs. Boyd ought to ha' hed twenty to fetch up 'stead of three."

"Mabbe she wouldn't agree with ye," answered the crony.

Jack pursued his way in this fashion, trying to encounter every thing cheerfully, amusing himself with the odd manners and whims of the customers, and whenever he had time, either at home or in the store, practicing at simple bookkeeping that he might be ready for promotion if it ever came. He was quick, helpful, and industrious; and at first nothing interfered with him, but one day he was sent to an Irishwoman's house to carry a gallon jug of molasses.

"Fill it with that poor New Orleans," said Mr. Gilbert, the senior partner of the firm. So Jack did as he was told and thought no more about it till three months after the woman came in to pay her bill.

"'Twas moighty poor m'lasses you sint me, sir, that time; 'twas that sour the childher wouldn't ate it on their bread."

"First-rate Porto Rico, Mrs. Donovan," briskly answered Mr. Gilbert.

Jack put in eagerly,

"O don't you remember, sir? you—"

"Go help Tom with those potatoes, quick," said the angry man.

An hour afterward he said to Jack,

"Look here, young fellow, you mind your own business in future! Don't slip your tongue into mine."

Jack stood silent with surprise.

Again he was sent over to a customer with some stale keg butter, worked over into pats, when fresh butter had been ordered.

"Is this new-made butter?" asked Mrs. Rankin, who happened to be in the kitchen when the orders were delivered.

"No, ma'am," said Jack, "we hadn't got any."

"Then you may take it back. I will send to Boston for some at once. Mr. Rankin will not touch this."

Jack was received with any thing but complacency at the store.

"How came you to bring this back?" growled Mr. Gilbert.

"Mrs. Rankin said she wanted fresh butter."

"How did she know it wasn't fresh, eh?"

"Why, she asked me if it was and I told her."

"Why didn't you say you didn't know? You young fool!"

"Because I did know," answered Jack, coloring.

"Well, if you expect to stay here, you mustn't know so much. When I call butter fresh you've got to call it fresh. 'Twas fresh, too; just worked over and washed and stamped. What's that but fresh?"

Jack looked puzzled. He did not understand sophistry, but as usual he carried his trouble to his mother. She had but one thing to say.

"Stick to the truth, Jack, whatever the consequences are. We wont judge Mr. Gilbert; that is not your business. You must keep your own fort, not your neighbor's."

"But, mother, he seems to think it is 'business' to deceive people. These aint the only times; they were the two times I was mixed up in it, so I told you."

"That's right, Jack. I have a property in your troubles; but, 'business' or not, I can only say what I said before, *don't lie.* That is God's law. And just think, even if it were not, what would become of 'business' itself, or of society, if every body should lie? Look at the money you use; 'the United States promises to pay' one, or five, or fifty dollars, as the case may be, to the bearer of that bill. What if that were a lie? What use would our money be? You buy a ticket for Europe which is issued by a steam-ship company as good for a passage to Bremen or Havre, but if that is a lie and you are taken to Panama instead, who would ever sail on that company's steamers? Just carry it out into daily life, and see how we all depend on the presumed honesty of our neighbors. Where should we be and what should we do if every body told us lies every day? Even people who have no principle tell the truth from the mean motive that 'honesty is the best policy;' and when a man tells a lie for the purpose of making money he defeats his own ends, for in time he will be found out and lose all his customers; and every man who tells a lie weakens the very pillars on which our civil and our religious life stand. It is political lying that has shaken our government to its foundations, and may some day overthrow our own beloved republic; for it is only truth that can make men free and strong."

Jack looked a little surprised. His mother did not often talk to him on other serious subjects than the simplest moral duties, or the relations of his studies to his daily and future life. But Manice wanted to arm her boy gradually for the contests of manhood, and she had thought deeply on many subjects that most women let alone or dislike.

After a few months Jack was ordered to take some charge of the books; he made out the little bills, entered the daily sales of the grocery department, and wrote letters when he was not serving behind the counter, for he wrote a good, clear hand, without any flourishes or ornamentation to it—a style his mother had taught him when he first began to use a pen.

It happened one day that the same woman to whom he had carried the sour molasses came in to settle her quarterly bill before Jack had made it out.

"Never mind, never mind, Mrs. Donovan," said Lewis Denning, the clerk next above Jack. "You're so prompt with the pay, you come before the bill's made out; but we'll cross it off; that's just as well."

"Shure an 'tis a bit av a win'fall fetched me before the fifteenth. Me boy come home onexpected from the coal counthry wid twenty-five dollars for th' ould mother, an' 'tis to pay the shtore bill I hurried on, so 'twould be off me mind; for I'm goin' to Boston wid him till this day two weeks to see the childher there."

"All right, 'm, all right," said the suave Lewis,

> "Washing his hands with invisible soap
> In imperceptible water."

Jack was called away just then and gave no more thought to the subject, for he did not doubt that Lewis had crossed out the account as he promised. Next time the quarter came round Mrs. Donovan presented herself at the desk and asked for her bill. Mr. Gilbert had made out the bills himself this time, as Jack had been obliged to drive the delivery wagon for the past month owing to the usual delivery clerk's being ill.

Mrs. Donovan looked astonished at her debt.

"'Tis a mistake ye hev here, sir," she said.

"We don't make mistakes here," shortly answered Mr. Gilbert.

"But 'tis the last quarther added in here, an' I ped it before 'twas djew; goin' out of town I was, ye see."

"If it had been paid 'twould have been crossed off, or you'd have had a receipt."

"Sorrow a resate I got thin! for the smilin' felly wid the blarneyin' tongue said he'd cross it off instid."

"It isn't crossed off and you must pay it," said Mr. Gilbert.

"O wisha! how'll iver I pay it! an' me wid but the hard-earned money for the rale bill at all, at all! Ow! there's the felly; come in along here thin, an' tell the masther I ped it!"

Lewis Denning came, but Mr. Gilbert gave him a threatening look.

"Here, Denning!" he said, "this woman claims she paid you her bill."

"If she did, I crossed it off, sir," said Lewis, blandly.

"Of course you did, and here it is standing unpaid!"

"O Mr. Gilbert!" broke in Jack, who was just about to interfere for Mrs. Donovan when Lewis came in, but drew back then because he supposed, of course, Lewis would set the matter right. "She did pay it. I saw her; and Lew meant to cross it off. I suppose he forgot it."

"I don't remember the matter," said Lewis, guided by Mr. Gilbert's scowl.

"But I do!" went on Jack. "She said she had got twenty-five dollars from her son, and she gave you two tens and a silver fifty-cent piece; don't you recollect?"

"Hold your interfering tongue, sir!" thundered Mr. Gilbert. "We don't make mistakes in this store or take money twice over. Lewis, give her a receipt on account for what she *has* brought; and Mrs. Donovan, hurry up with the rest. We can't let you get behindhand."

"The heavens be your bed!" sobbed the poor woman, turning to Jack. "'Tis you have the good heart, an' the thrue tongue."

"I'm awfully sorry," blurted out honest Jack. "I know you paid it, Mrs. Donovan; but I suppose Lewis forgot."

"Fait' thin! 'tis the last chance iver he'll have to forgit Cauth Donovan! I'll dale no more wid folks as can't remimber widout a writin' tin seconds!" And in great wrath the Widow Donovan went out, slamming the door behind her.

"Look here!" said Mr. Gilbert, turning to Jack. "Your eyes and ears are too sharp for my business, and your tongue too. You can go home to-night with your wages in your pocket, and you can stay there for all me."

Jack had nothing to say.

[*To be continued.*]

THE Indian wild-beast pest is less deadly than the American liquor-pest; and costs comparatively nothing.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE SLOOP VS. THE CUTTER.

BY H. B. ANDERSON.

IV.

THIS, the last paper in the series, will be devoted to a discussion of several topics an understanding of which will render it much easier to follow the trial and international contests which are to take place this year. In the first place it will be well to see what the comparative size of the four American sloops is, and then to see how the *Galatea* differs from the *Genesta*.

The following is a comparative table of the important dimensions of the four sloops and the two cutters:

	Length over all. Feet.	Length at water line. Feet.	Beam. Feet.	Draught. Feet.
Mayflower.....	100	85	23.6½	9.7
Atlantic.....	95.1	82.1	23.2	8.7
Priscilla.....	94	85	22.4	7.9
Puritan.....	93	80	23	8.2
Galatea.....	100	86.8	15	13.5
Genesta.....	85.8	81	15	13

The *Mayflower* gives time allowance to the *Atlantic*, the *Mayflower* and *Atlantic* to the *Priscilla*, and so on down the list of sloops. And it will be seen that the *Priscilla* is considerably narrower and shoaler than any of the other boats. She has had some alterations made in her this year which have undoubtedly improved her. And as she did some good work in New York this spring her admirers are very sanguine. But as the *Puritan's* great advantage last year over the *Priscilla* consisted in the fact that she was a much better sea-boat, and as it is difficult to see just how the alterations in the *Priscilla* have helped her in that respect, it may be safely said that these boats will not change their relative positions this year. As to the *Atlantic* and *Mayflower* very little can be told with regard to their abilities. It is not probable that the *Mayflower* can beat the *Puritan*, at any rate, enough to compensate for the time allowance she must give her. The *Atlantic* has not as yet given satisfaction. It is thought that she is not hung properly, and she has not been ballasted to her designer's lines since launching. She has been down by the head, or, to speak more correctly, her after part has not been brought down to her calculated water-line. And while the other three boats are racing she stays quietly at home shifting ballast and altering the step of her mast. What these changes may do for her cannot be foretold. There is no reason why, if they are successful, she should not beat the other three sloops, for they are very serious and important changes, and will materially alter her speed one way or the other.

As to the cutters it will be seen that the *Galatea* is even more pronounced in type than the *Genesta*. She has five feet more length with no more beam and greater depth. The *Genesta*, as has been said before, is a dangerous boat, but

how the *Galatea* can be considered so is not readily seen. She has certainly not shown by her performance in England that she possesses the speed of the *Genesta*.

There is one thing in regard to the management of the contest for the Cup that is deserving of comment, and that is the terms of the race. According to a clause in the deed of gift of the Cup to the New York Yacht Club it "was offered as a prize to be sailed for by yachts of all nations without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight (the usual course for the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the *America*, beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts which started in the race."

Now, the terms are that the challenging yacht shall sail against but one boat which shall be decided upon several days previous to those set for the races, and shall have the Cup if she win two out of three races with time allowance. Just how this very great development in favor of the challenging yacht has been brought about, and why it has been allowed to go on, is not easy to explain. There is no doubt that a much more beautiful sight and a much more interesting race would be seen if the contest were left open to all who wished to enter, as in the original race. The Cup meant something as won by the *America;* it was the prize for winning the hardest kind of contest. Now it is nothing more than a race between two boats under conditions most favorable to the challenging boat, for the challenged stands to lose much and win nothing in any case. And why, then, the difficulty of winning the Cup and its consequent value should be deliberately cut down does not readily appear. All England was allowed to protect the Cup, and why should not all America be allowed to protect it now?

And now as to the winner in the trial races—there is the strongest probability that the *Puritan* will win. She is a second-year boat tried and tested all around. The other three are practically new, the *Mayflower* and *Atlantic* of course, and for the *Priscilla* it may be said, that any qualities rendering her likely to beat the *Puritan* are among the alterations made last winter, and therefore new. And none of these have shown so far that they possess the speed of the *Puritan* in all-round work. In fact, it is a very unusual thing for a boat to show herself at her best the first year. And the *Puritan* may be regarded as a lucky hit not again to be rivaled for some time in the first year of any boat.

Before ending this paper it will be well to refer to one idea which seems to have gotten about last year—the idea that the *Genesta* is a better sea boat than the *Puritan*, or, to put it more generally, that a cutter is a better sea boat than a deep, able sloop. The idea commonly took form in the assertion that the *Puritan* was a mere racing machine. Racing machine she surely was in one way; that is to say, no one in the United States would build a sloop of her size for any thing but racing. But she is a stanch, able boat, and in bad weather at sea would unquestionably make better weather of it than the *Genesta*. When a seaman speaks of a boat as a good sea boat he means more that she is dry, stiff, and weatherly in heavy weather than that she has the ability to capsize and right herself again without sinking, or that she can stay above water while her decks are awash in every wave, and the crew go about their work in imminent danger of being washed off and drowned. And now a word in conclusion. These papers were not intended for amateur sailors, nor for any who have a moderate knowledge of the sea and yachting, but for those who know almost nothing about these matters and yet take a deep and genuine interest in the coming races, an interest founded in that national pride which convinces every young American that his countrymen are able to defend the Cup which they have so nobly won from the "kin beyond the sea."

MANKIND are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—*Sydney Smith.*

CATS IN EGYPT.

CATS were held in such reverence by the ancient Egyptians that they allowed themselves to be defeated in battle rather than resist the attack of an army whose sagacious leader had placed a number of the sacred tabbies in the front ranks. Phil Robinson in the "Contemporary Review" writes interestingly of cats in modern Egypt:

The Egyptians, though they may not worship the little animal nowadays, have an inordinate liking for cats, a relic, perhaps, of an old-world sanctity. They are to be seen every-where, not one at a time, but in half-dozens, and in the less frequented parts of the town as many as twenty may be seen in a waste corner holding an afternoon conversazione. In Suakim they are utterly callous to their surroundings. For indifference is begotten of a preposterous prosperity. So consequential are they that they do not move out of the road, and the Arab, when he stumbles over them, swears at them, but never molests them. The bazaars are full of them, and they fight and make love in the thoroughfares in broad daylight as if it was the most natural thing in the world for cats to do so. Till then I had thought Grimalkin was a nocturnal beast. For in Europe we are accustomed to see them sleepy and lazy all day, and to hear them noisy and active at night. But this is only, apparently, a geographical accident. In the Soudan, at any rate, cats are diurnal and go to bed at sunset, while in Suakim in particular, where the people live so largely upon fish, and the refuse of their meals lies in heaps at every corner, the feline tribe have assumed much of the importance and something of the demeanor of dogs. They lie under the stalls or sit upon the bedsteads—which, after Oriental fashion, stand in the open air—as if in charge of the premises and property. For one thing there are very few dogs. It is true they are unclean beasts to the Moslem, but perhaps the cats have made it impossible for any dog of spirit to exist. Indeed, such an endless multitude of them is enough to break the heart of even an English terrier. But physically they have deteriorated into the merest travesty of their race. They are absurdly small and proportionately meager, with sharp noses, flat, thin heads, and very short fur, while the shoulder blades stick up above the level of their backs in the queerest fashion. So when I came back to England I was at first surprised at the very large size of all the cats I saw, their extraordinary plumpness, and the thickness of their fur.

SELF-ENTRAPPED.

MURDER will out. Webster's most powerful passages are those in which he portrays the writhings of a guilty soul endeavoring to keep its own secret. You may be sure that in one way or another your sin will find you out and publish you to disgrace. But not often do men herald their crime in the fashion described by Mr. Gatty in his book on "The Bell:"

A man broke into a small church in Scotland, with the sacrilegious intention of stealing the communion plate. Hearing steps outside the building, and expecting that he should be discovered, he hurried to the end of the church, where, seeing a long rope depending to the ground, he laid hold of it for the purpose of climbing out of sight. But it proved to be the bell rope, and his weight rang the bell, which attracted his pursuers immediately to the spot. The man, of course, was caught; and thus wittily addressed the unconscious cause of his detection: "If it had not been for thy long tongue and empty head, I should not have been in my present predicament."

YOUNG MUSICIANS.

THE "Nineteenth Century" calls attention to the precocity of musicians. The facts related below give plausibility to the theory that the musician, like the poet, is born, not made:

Mozart is, I believe, the true *Wunderkind* in the magical realm of music. He began to play at so infantile a period that no date is assigned. At four he could play minuets in good style, probably, for a year after he was exhibited in public. Early in his fifth year he composed concertos; at eleven he wrote an opera bouffé, and so forth.

Next to him, perhaps, comes Mendelssohn, who first played in public at the age of nine, and whose first dated work, a cantata, was written when he was eleven.

Beethoven tells us that he began music in his fourth year, and that at nine he had outgrown his father's teaching. He is said to have written a cantata when ten, and is certain that a composition for the piano (variations on "Dressler's March") dates from this year.

Schubert is another conspicuous instance of early musical development. He, too, soon outstripped his teacher, who said he had got harmony at his fingers' ends. At eleven he was sufficiently skillful with the violin to play that instrument in church, and at the same date he began to compose little songs.

The examples just cited illustrate what may be called all-round musical precocity. Others show early talent in a more restricted form of activity. A number of musicians distinguished themselves as lads by masterly execution. Meyerbeer, who, as a young child, could play any air he had heard, performed at a public concert at nine. Hillier did the same thing one year later. At the age of twelve Spohr played the violin in public. Mehul was installed as organist at ten.

Among the instances of early attempts at musical composition may be named the following: Schumann tells us that he composed before seven. Cherubini is said to have written at nine, Auber at eleven, Weber at twelve (his first opera dates two years later), David at thirteen, Lott and Rossini at sixteen, and Purcell at seventeen.

WHY HE WENT.

THE moral of the following clipping is so strong and good that we take pleasure in reprinting it. Older people may well follow the example of the little fellow who was so interested in mission work:

A clergyman on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"O," he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries?" said the minister; "what do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linchpins are little things, but if they drop out the wagon is very likely to come to a standstill. Every pin and screw should be in working order; and every child should be able to say: "I always go to the missionary meeting. I'm part of the concern."

BOOK AGENTS.

DON'T turn the cold shoulder to a book agent. It may be an emperor or a president in embryo who wishes to sell you a new cook-book, atlas, or family physician. It would seem from an article in the Philadelphia "Evening Telegraph" that most great men have been successful canvassers:

Bonaparte—when a lieutenant, unemployed at the capital, and too honorable to duplicate his pay accounts—took the agency for a work entitled "L'Histoire de la Révolution." In the foyer of the great Palace of the Louvre can be seen to-day, under a glass case, the little canvasser's outfit of the great emperor, and within it the long list of names which his assiduity secured.

George Washington, while surveying Fairfax County in his youth—prior to the fateful Braddock expedition—was a book agent. The work he canvassed for—a copy of which is now among the relics of the Patent Office—was Bydell's "The London of Stoke-on-Trent Square, American Savage; How He May be Tamed by the Weapons of Civilization." Washington sold over two hundred copies in and around Alexandria, Va.

Jay Gould sold books as an agent. Mark Twain sold books as an agent. Longfellow sold books as an agent. Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by acting as local agent for De Tocqueville's "America." Bret Harte was a book agent in the fall of 1849 or spring of 1850.

General Grant subsequent to his resignation from the army, before his venture on the Dent farm, took part of the territory of a general agent of Putnam's to dispose of Irving's "Columbus." Ex-President Hayes footed it all over southern Ohio, when a mere lad, getting subscriptions for Baxter's "Lives of the Saints." Blaine began life as a humble canvasser in Washington County, Pa., selling a "Life of Henry Clay, the Mill Boy of the Slashes." Bismarck, when at Heidelberg during a winter vacation, having had his allowance cut short by his father the Baron, canvassed for one of Blumenbach's hand-books.

AN OLD STORY.

THE "Hartford Courant" reprints from an ancient book a number of anecdotes concerning Washington. Probably the most familiar story of the collection is the following, which is valuable not only for its moral, which has made the "hatchet" the universal symbol of truth, but for the quaint style in which the old anecdote is cast:

When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping every thing that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the way, was a great favorite, came into the house and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him any thing about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance.

"George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?"

This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself, and, looking at his father with the sweet face of youth, brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out,

"I can't tell a lie, pa. You know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports. "Run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of purest gold."

TWO DIRECTORIES.

THE New York city directory for 1886, just issued, gives nine pages of its preface to a reprint of the first New York directory, printed just one hundred years ago. Mr. David Franks, the publisher of the directory of 1786, thanks his friends and the public for their liberal encouragement, and calls on the citizens at large for further information which "will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Franks at his lodgings, No. 66 Broadway, or at Mr. Kollock's printing-office." There are 846 names in the first directory, Cherry Street appearing to be the limit of the city on the east side and Dey Street on the west. The volume for 1886 contains 2,166 pages, with 313,992 names; the eight Smiths of 1786 have grown to an army of 2,442; the one Brown of 1786—Thomas, a stone-cutter of Thame Street—has 1,254 successors, and the one Robinson of the first directory—a woman at that—is followed by 338 of the name to-day. The present directory begins with the A. B. C. Fence Company, the honor of opening the list being thus taken away from the widow of Louis Aab, who for many years had held the place. Mrs. Aab is now second.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE EAR OF THE HOUSE.

THE essayist Whipple, of Boston, whose recent death is mourned by all admirers of a clear and vigorous literary style, was noted for his skill at repartee. Dr. Bartol recalls some of his witty sayings:

A friend having asked him what would be his idea of a public library if he had half a million to build it with,

"If I had the half million," returned Mr. Whipple, "I shouldn't have the idea."

In a debate which may have irritated him a little, his opponent at length said, roughly,

"You have certainly lost your understanding!"

"It is very evident," Mr. Whipple retorted, with cool keenness, "that you have not found it."

When the Hon. P. T. Barnum was younger than now, he was infected with political aspirations, and secured a seat in the Legislature of Connecticut. His efforts as an orator were less successful than his essays in the show business had been, and the Legislature could not be made to yield him a hearing.

"What do you suppose is the reason," some one asked Mr. Whipple, "that Mr. Barnum could not obtain the ear of the House?"

"O, nothing is simpler," was the ready response. "They were afraid he'd exhibit it in a museum."

TONS OF DIAMONDS.

ENGLISHMEN are learning many strange things about their distant possessions from the London Colonial Exhibition. The "Pall Mall Gazette" says:

The colonies are profiting by the great show at South Kensington to bring their resources more vividly than ever before the home public. In South Africa, said Mr. Wilmot, we have up to the present time dug up six and a half tons of diamonds, valued at £40,000,000. What is there in "Monte Cristo" to equal that? A colony which weighs its diamonds by the ton has hitherto been undreamed of even by French romancers. And yet, enormous as has been the yield of brilliants, the ostrich is probably a more valuable asset than the diamond. The value of its feathers is estimated at £750,000 per annum, and the ostrich, unlike the mine, continually renews its store of wealth. Prices have fallen. Ostriches once worth £250 can now be bought for £25, but the value of the feather crop keeps up notwithstanding.

A SWIMMING LESSON.

THE following brief extract from "Personally Conducted," by F. R. Stockton, admirably supplements Mr. Oxley's papers on the art of swimming. It is fortunate that there are no sharks in the canals of Venice, otherwise the suggestion of the closing sentence might prove too realistic for comfort:

If the day is warm we shall see plenty of Venetian boys swimming in the canals, wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers, and they care so little for our approach that we are afraid our gondolas will run over some of them. The urchins are very quick and active, however, and we might as well try to touch a fish as one of them. I once saw a Venetian girl, about sixteen years old, who was sitting upon the steps of a house teaching her little brother to swim. The little fellow was very small, and she had tied a cord around his waist, one end of which she held in her hand. She would let the child get into the water and paddle away as well as he could. When he seemed tired, or when he had gone far enough, she pulled him in. She looked very much as if she were fishing, with a small boy for a bait.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THERE is a remedy for the money-spending mania. Teachers and parents should not be discouraged with the young people whose habits of carelessness and waste worry them. Such young people awakened to a sense of their own folly should not despair of self-correction. For all such infirmities there is a treatment which will prove efficacious. Despair is the worst of all conditions when body or soul is imperiled. Never despair. In the most dismal night look for the morning. In the most tempestuous sea send out your thoughts on wings of hope toward the harbor. In the heat of the fiercest battle stand up bravely and expect victory and peace.

MONTGOMERY and the class he represents are in a degree tempted to spend money through love of self-gratification. The soda-water is so refreshing, the candy so sweet, the ice-cream so cold, the cigar so pleasant and soothing, the bit of ribbon or jewelry so becoming, that whatever it may cost or howsoever hard it may be to spare or get the change, the strong craving must be satisfied; and thus as the boys used to sing, "Pop goes the weasel." Self-gratification is the prize to be won. The desire is strong, the will weak, the purse-strings loose, and thus the money goes. The root of all sin is found in selfishness. "I want, and I will have." In spite of conscience, in spite of love, in spite of tears, in spite of the clearest teachings of common sense, the self-seeking, self-content "I" will grasp what it feels to be most pleasant at the present moment. It tramples on precept and principle, on command and persuasion, and rushes headlong into "enjoyment."

MONTGOMERY'S only hope is in a good fight with the fiend of Self. He must see the situation, declare war, and take the field. For the higher pleasure of self-mastery and peace he must forfeit the lower pleasure of bodily gratification. This summoning of the soldier-force in him will be one great step toward victory. "Not to rest or revel, but to resist," must be his motto. He must therefore seek opportunity to test his mettle. He must break up camp and attack the foe. He must worry and wear out his enemy. Not merely in matters financial, but in every thing, he must defend the carnal, self-seeking force within him. Rolling over in bed in the morning when the bell rings, as Self says, "A little more sleep," Montgomery must leap out of bed and show Self who is master. When Self remonstrates against the full body sponge-bath with cold water, Montgomery must pelt and sprinkle and rub his body till in the glow of life and health he can laugh at poor, contemptible, defeated little Self.

WHEN one strengthens himself by reflection and resolution at a single point of his character he receives a certain force of resistance at every point. Refusing to speak an angry or hasty word when provoked, he finds it more easy to refuse a cigarette. Getting out of bed at the bidding of Duty, he can the more easily do, or deny himself, something else at the command of Duty. He gets into the way of obeying. And it is a good way to get into. Every hour holds a chance for a fight against Self when a fellow has declared war and is bent on success. If Montgomery really desires to correct his bad habit of careless spending he may do a great deal toward it by the course we have pointed out. In eating, sleeping, planning, working, playing, he can daily show Self that there is something better than personal gratification, and that he, Montgomery, owner of his body and intellect and heart and will, is well able in God's way and by God's grace to keep up a fight against all mere physical enjoyment, and that he does intend so to keep the Will on the throne, scepter in grip, and the various gate-ways of his soul well guarded and defended, that if he thinks it better not to waste his money he can and will resist the temptation, keep his cash, and discipline his desires, appetites, and ambitions.

CERTAIN exercises in arithmetic will help Montgomery. Spendthrifts never keep accounts. If they did the record at the end of a week, month, or year would astonish them. Now, our dear young friend whom we are trying to help out of a bad habit may put his will into the daily habit of putting down every amount expended, and of writing out clearly for what it went. "Soda-water, 5 cents." Again, later in the day, "Soda-water, 5 cents." In the afternoon, "Soda-water for two, 10 cents." In the evening, "Three ice-creams, 45 cents." Look at it: 5+5+10+45=65 cents. What good came of it all? Bodily gratification for a few minutes. The effects of the soda-water did not altogether last more than fifteen minutes, nor those of the ice-cream more than thirty minutes. Sixty-five cents that Montgomery could not afford to spend absolutely wasted. He carries his calculations still further: 65 cents a day, if for only two days a week, would make in a year $67 60. But the boy who spends 65 cents a day for two days in the week will easily spend 10 cents a day on the other four days, and will thus roll up a statement of useless expenditures $20 80 more, or a total of $88 40 a year wasted in useless self-indulgence. The interest on $88 40 at six per cent. for one year will be $5 30. At the end of two years Montgomery might have in bank the savings of the first year $88 40, the savings of the second year $88 40 *plus* the interest on the $88 40 saved the first year and yielding six per cent. the second, making a total of $182 10. Now let our readers work away on this annual saving with accruing interest and estimate what Montgomery might have at the end of ten years.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," a copy of which lies before us as we write, would have talked very plainly to Montgomery if they had lived in the same age and neighborhood. And as Wisdom speaks to the sons of men, even after the lips which first gave utterance to her words are silent in death, Montgomery may still have the benefit of "Poor Richard's" sense. Hear the sage: "A penny saved is two pence clear;" "A pin a day is a groat a year;" "Every little makes a mickle;" "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire;" "Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy;" "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing;" "Lying

rides upon Debt's back;" "Be economical and Independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown;" "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." The following "Frugal Thought" was published in "Poor Richard's Almanac" under "April," in the year 1738. We commend its wisdom to our friend Montgomery, for although land may not be bought now so cheaply as then, the principle is as true now as then:

"In an acre of land are 43,560 square feet.
In 100 acres are 4,356,000 square feet;
Twenty pounds will buy 100 acres of the proprietor
In £20 are 4,800 pence; by which divide the
Number of feet in 100 acres; and you will find
That one penny will buy 907 square feet; or
A lot of 30 feet square. *Save your pence.*"

ONE of the most valuable books to which our attention has been recently called is "Bradley's Atlas of the World." It is a most complete series of maps, a sort of visible geography, an object lesson, a system of universal travel by the eye. We earnestly commend it to all readers of history, and to all who are interested in the affairs of this big, busy world. Information concerning it may be received from the New Jersey agent, C. L. Wells, Esq., Plainfield, N. J.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for August 8, 1886. GENTILES SEEKING JESUS.—John 12. 20–36.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 12. 32.

PREFATORY. Jesus was a Jew. The Jews were a narrow and bigoted people. They were a selected people and had enjoyed great privileges. But they did not understand what their selection and privileges meant. God set them apart for special preparation, but it was that they might be a blessing to the whole world. They were like students of a normal school favored with careful training for a time by the State, that they might be able to go forth throughout the State and teach all who were willing to learn. The Jews received the truth that they might spread the truth. Jesus came to open the doors of the Jewish temple and treasury to the wide, wide world. He was a Jew, but he was the "Son of man," because he was more than the "Son of Abraham." He was the "Son of God." He created all, loved all, redeemed all, and called all to life. In the lesson we find that his name had reached some of the Greeks or Gentiles who desired to see him and to hear him speak for themselves.

INTERROGATORY. What "feast" was this? To whom did the inquiring Greeks speak? How did they express their desire? How did the word reach Jesus? What strange reply did Jesus give? What prayer did he offer? (Vers. 27, 28.) What answer came to this prayer? What different opinions did those standing by have of the answer given? What reason did Jesus give for this voice? What allusion did he make to his death? What question did the people ask? What answer did he give?

HOMILY. Appearances in this world are deceiving, Standards of glory and of success differ. Looking from the earthly point of view, some things seem very noble and honorable, which, viewed from the heavens, are the very opposite. The palace of luxury with its servants and chariots; its statuary, paintings, and libraries; its lawns and fountains; its revelings and feastings, is looked at with envy by the humble youth, while the lowly cottage is overlooked or its inmates pitied. In fact, in that palace dwells a man who lives wholly for self, for fame, for wealth, for pleasure, forgetting God and forgetting the necessities of his fellow-men. He "loves his life." This world is every thing to him. He seeks nothing above or beyond. In the cottage lives a man who might, by sacrificing principle and truth, have been to-day a millionaire. But the bribe that was offered to him ten years ago was by him refused —refused promptly and with flashing eye and frown of indignation. He excited party wrath and lost his place, but with true faith and pure motive he went into his humble home, earning an honest livelihood and enjoying love and sympathy, the peace of God, and the assurance of immortal joy in heaven. "He hateth his life in this world." The millionaire in this case shall "lose" his life, the lowly man of honor shall "keep" his life "unto life eternal." This great principle is true everywhere and always—true in age and true in youth, true in business and true in school, true in play and true in work. Death lurks in self-gratification. Life lives in self-sacrifice. Better have a cottage here and a crown in heaven than to revel in ill-won wealth on earth and wail in the world of woe forever.

Jesus's life was the expression of this great law in its perfection. He gave his life for others. He lives forever—crowns of life on his royal brow. He draws all men to him. Millions pay him tribute of love and praise. His name is glorified by men. His name the Father honors. By his name "the prince of this world" is to be "cast out." In his light the universe dwells and is to dwell. From the gloom of his Gethsemane and from the darkness of his crucifixion he goes forth to shine forever in the glorious and eternal triumphs of his kingdom.

PRAYER. O Thou Infinite and Eternal One! "We would see Jesus." We would die His death that we may live His life; behold His light, believe in the light, walk in the light, and thus be children of light! Give us this grace, Thou good God, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

AIM LOW.

OTHER ministers may have more fashionable audiences, but there is no preacher in Great Britain who speaks so directly to the people as Mr. Spurgeon, of London. His success testifies to the excellence of the method which he illustrates by the following anecdote. He says:

I came across a nice little anecdote the other day. A child was asked if she would like to stay with her Aunt Mary or her Aunt Jane; both aunts were very kind. She said she would like to stay with Aunt Jane best, because, though both aunts made some tarts and cakes, Aunt Jane always set them on a low shelf, and she could easily get at them. Some teachers have very good addresses and talks to children, but they are rather stylish—upon a high shelf. Others are so simple that they can get the cakes! and children like that. Have you ever heard of the minister who used such big words in his sermon that one said to him,

"I thought your Master sent you to feed sheep, but you preach as though he had sent you to feed giraffes."

Very few of our children are giraffic. Put your cakes low.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE omniscient newspapers tell us of a new treaty with Great Britain—an extradition treaty, providing for the surrender of criminals. Irish dynamiters may no longer seek refuge among us, and Canada will lose its attraction for our defaulters and bribe-takers.

THE source of the Nile is apparently an unsolved riddle. Recent explorations overturn the accepted theory that the great river of Egypt rises in Victoria Nyanza; and so the hunt for the head-waters opens again.

THE Christian nations of Europe are not likely to do their poor African subjects much good. A wealthy German trader, when accused by the imperial parliament of selling vile brandy to the blacks of the Cameroon coast denied selling the poisonous stuff to German subjects. He had sold the liquor only in the French colonies. The Emperor William is said to be preparing a costly gift for one of his dark-skinned vassal princes, and this present from the land of the Protestant Reformation is a battery of Krupp guns, manned and equipped. His majesty must have heard how our own people have furnished the Indians with rum and repeating rifles.

ANOTHER revolution in Nuevo Leon! "No limit to the enthusiasm," the Mexican newspapers say. The Juans, the Marianos, and the Lucianas raise the standard and the poor priest-led people cluster round it, perhaps to die for it. The only result is a new governor no better than the old one.

NOT a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small and the small great.—*Charles Reade.*

WORKMAN of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
Thrice blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when he
Is most invisible!—*F. W. Faber.*

BEST BOOKS

The Penman's Art Journal and Teacher's Guide, edited and published by D. T. Ames, pen artist, is one of our exchanges. It is a monthly, devoted to practical and ornamental penmanship, filled with useful and interesting articles on the subject to which it is devoted, and other allied subjects, and illustrated with examples of good and bad penmanship.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We continue our extracts from the English magazine, giving an account of the men who belonged to the "Oxford Club."

BENJAMIN INGHAM seems to have joined the Oxford Methodists about 1732. He was born at Ossett, in Yorkshire, in the year 1712, and was a descendant of one of the ejected ministers of 1662. Ordained by Bishop Potter in 1735, his ministry was at once characterized by singular success, and many through it were converted to God. He accompanied Wesley to Georgia, and, though the result of his labors there may have been small, yet, brought into contact with the Moravian teachers, he learned the way of salvation through faith, and became fitted for the great work afterward accomplished by him in Yorkshire. Being prohibited from occupying any of the churches in the diocese of York, he took to the fields, to cottages, and to barns, and in a very little time there were existing, as a result of his labors, forty religious societies. Becoming increasingly attached to the Moravians, he gradually separated from the Wesleys, and in 1742 he formally handed over his societies to their care. In 1753 he retired from them, being unable to acquiesce in the eccentricities and arrogant assumptions which crept into the Moravian community. He then formed what might be called a connection of his own, and he secured many adherents. A system of doctrine and discipline was drawn up and accepted by his preachers, he himself taking the position of general overseer. His connection, however, was broken up through the influence of Sandemanianism. Out of eighty flourishing churches only thirteen remained loyal to him. This wreck, which occurred in the years 1759 and 1760, greatly affected his mind, and though afterward he lovingly labored, yet his life's work was done. In 1772 he passed to his rest and reward in heaven. His wife was Lady Margaret Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, who, with her three sisters, had been greatly blessed by Mr. Ingham's ministry. She was a noble and devoted woman, and proved herself an admirable helpmeet to her husband. It was through her instrumentality that Selina, the well-known Countess of Huntingdon, who had married the Lady Margaret's brother, the ninth earl, was led to God.

REMEMBER that Good Tidings Day (October 17) is *the* Sunday-school day of the year. "Children's Day," in June, is the "Board of Education" day. The real Sunday-School Union and Tract Society day is in October. Remember the Sunday-school day for 1886. Put it down: GOOD TIDINGS DAY, OCTOBER 17.

THE following readings from John Wesley's "Journal" illustrate the influence of the early Methodist movement among people of the so-called "higher classes." While the common people heard gladly the word of life from the first Methodist preachers, it is true that, as with Methodist preaching of the first century, they brought to the families of wealth the same word of life. In his Journal for Sunday, May 7, 1749, Mr. Wesley writes:

"We had a triumphant hour when the Society met. Several captives were set at liberty. One of these was Mr. Joseph Ch——s. He had been an eminent man many years for cursing, swearing, drinking, and all kinds of fashionable wickedness. On Monday last he had rode fifteen miles to Tyrrel's Pass, and came thither before five in the morning. He was immediately convinced, and followed me in from the preaching. I was then examining a class. The words cut him to the heart. He came after me at Athlone (when he had settled some temporary business), having his eyes continually filled with tears; and being scarce able to eat, drink, or sleep. But God now wiped away the tears from his eyes; and he returned to his house, to declare what things God had wrought."

On Tuesday, June 13, Wesley makes this record:

"We rode over to Gloster, a beautiful seat, built by an English gentleman, who had scarce finished his house, and laid out his gardens, when he was called to his everlasting home. Sir L—— P—— and his lady dined with us, whether coming by accident or design I know not. About five I preached in the stately saloon to a little company of plain, serious people; the fine ones looking on, and some of them seeming to be a little affected. I expounded at Birr about seven, in the strongest manner I could, the story of Dives and Lazarus."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY—CO-OPERATION.

THE difference between co-operation and industrial copartnership was clearly defined last week. The latter plan was fully described, and we need say no more about it. Co-operation must be considered from two stand-points: First, co-operation in production, and second, co-operation in distribution. This week we shall take up the first division, and in our next issue we shall consider the second topic.

MR. BENLY, on his return from a neighboring city, described something he had seen, which greatly interested his family. It seems that a certain number of workmen, dissatisfied with the wages which they were receiving, had decided to set up an establishment of their own. They said to themselves: "We understand how to do this work, and if we can get a little money together for capital we can carry it on and make both wages and profits ourselves. We will be both employer and employed; and instead of dividing the profits with any one, we will have all the profits ourselves. Following this idea, they put in all the money which they could raise, and all the necessary machinery, etc., for the manufacture of plows. They were skilled workmen, and thought that they would easily be able to make a round sum of money as a result of this new plan. They organized their business somewhat as follows: Each man paid in all the capital he could raise, and received a certificate that he owned a certain amount of the capital stock of the new company. Then they hired a man who had been in the plow business, but who had not made a success of it, to be overseer for them. He was simply to manage the outside relations of the concern; to buy and sell materials; to take general charge while the stockholders were employed in the shops. At the end of the year, the money which remained after all expenses had been paid (and these expenses included regular wages to the men, whether they owned stock or not) was considered the profits of the business; and, after a certain sum was laid aside for future use as capital, the remainder was to be divided among the men according to the amount of stock which each held, so that each man received additional money in proportion to the amount which he had invested in the enterprise. This seemed to Mr. Benly an excellent idea, and he thought about it a great deal and talked it over with his boys. It struck them all as being a very natural and pleasant solution of the difficulties between capitalists and laborers. If they were to fight, how easy it was to get rid of one of the parties, and have no conflict at all. It seemed strange to them that almost all business was not conducted in this way.

A year later Mr. Benly made a visit to the same town and went with considerable curiosity to see how the co-operative enterprise had succeeded. He was not a little surprised to find that the concern had shut down, and that the business had been abandoned. The man who had charge of the work was found to be incompetent, and no more able to manage the business of others than he had been to administer his own when he was engaged in it. The men had become dissatisfied, had quarreled, and finally the whole thing had been abandoned; and what capital could be rescued had been paid back. Mr. Benly reported this case to the boys when he returned, and they all seemed surprised and disappointed that the plan should have succeeded no better.

Now what are the reasons that this attractive plan did not succeed? Are there reasons which are likely to have their force every day in matters of this kind?

The principal objection to co-operation is: The business must, after all, be managed by one man. If that one man has no interest in the affairs of the company aside from a fixed salary which he receives, it is not within the probabilities of human nature that he will make a success of the enterprise. Let a man invest his own money in a business and feel that his own interests are at stake, and he will make a success of it if success is in him; but to suppose that a man who has failed in his own business can successfully carry on the business of others is absurd.

Again, the men who have invested their capital in the business take a deep interest in the affairs of their stock company. It is but natural that they should be anxious and curious every day to know how things are going on. A man cannot do good work and at the same time worry himself with financial and other questions in business. The workman receives the wages and does the work. The employer gets the profits and undergoes the worry. If the workingman tries to be both employer and employed, he must bear the burdens of both, and this is neither natural nor right. Co-operation in production has never met with marked success.

There are one or two instances in England where co-operation in production has done creditable work; but even these concerns are run in the interest of a large society which started co-operation in distribution, and which still attains success in that line. It is safe to say then that co-operation in production is in the nature of things unlikely to prove a satisfactory solution of the "labor question."

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

RURAL GAMES.

THE people of "merrie old England" used to be very fond of rough games, which were given under the patronage of the squire of the county. Washington Irving in his English "Sketch-book" gives many glimpses of the peasant life, and describes some of the rude sports which delighted the rustic heart in the early part of this century. These "country games," as they are sometimes called, are still popular in America, and are played at Fourth of July celebrations and on other festive occasions during the spring and summer. Almost all boys are familiar with most of these contests and tricks. A very good game, indeed, is the "potato race," which is decidedly exciting and causes a good deal of amusement

among the lookers-on. There may be some who are not familiar with this game, and for the benefit of such we give a short description of it.

Suppose the number of contestants is six. The distance chosen is about seventy-five or one hundred yards. There are six parallel lines drawn in the road or on the field where the race is to take place, and at intervals of a yard on each of these lines a potato is placed, so that there are six lines of potatoes stretching side by side. At the end of each line is a bushel basket. The race is run as follows: Each competitor stands by his basket, and, when the word is given, he runs to the opposite end of his line, picks up the first potato, brings it back, and throws it into the basket; then starts off for the second potato, and so on until he has brought all the potatoes and put them in the basket. This involves a good deal of running, and requires much endurance. As the shortening lines rapidly approach the basket the excitement increases. This is a first-rate game for the afternoon when boys can think of nothing else to do. We shall from time to time describe other games of this same general character, which may be new to some of our readers.

A Military Company.

Again Our Youth comes forward with a plan for co-operative fun. This time we propose the organization of a military company. All boys are fond of martial ways, and sometime or other are sure that they are destined to be great soldiers, as at another period they are certain that the sea is the only place for them.

The equipping and drilling of a boys' military company would afford great pleasure to the members, who would derive as well considerable profit. One who undergoes military training acquires an upright carriage and learns to think quickly and act promptly.

Sixteen boys may form a company and do creditable work, but, if possible, it would be better to have twenty-four or thirty-two, with a captain and two sergeants besides.

First it would be well to decide upon a parade ground. Perhaps some lawn could be secured for this purpose, but if not a vacant field will do almost as well. The site selected, a flag-pole should be put in place, and the stars and stripes run up.

Uniforms may cost much or little, as the means of the boys require, but we would advise something simple and cheap so that none need be excluded by reason of inability to pay the necessary sum.

Let us see what a simple yet serviceable uniform would cost. The following estimate may be relied upon:

Cap, blue cloth, leather visor	$0 75
Coat, blue flannel, brass buttons	2 50
Trousers, blue flannel	2 50
	$5 75

If all the members would wear trousers of dark material, the uniform trousers might be omitted from the estimate. As to muskets, the drilling must be done with wooden drill muskets which cost about twenty-five cents each. Good cadet muskets may be bought for $6o per dozen, but this would put them out of the reach of many.

Omitting then the trousers from the estimate, the total cost of the equipment, including the musket and the name of the company in gilt on the cap, would not be more than $3 75.

The drilling could be begun by some member of the Grand Army living in the town, and officers could be selected from the company. There would be no difficulty in finding some one who would gladly give a few lessons in marching tactics and in the "Manual of Arms."

Several companies might be organized in the same time and formed into a battalion. Once a month a public competitive drill could be held on the parade ground, and a great deal of fun and profit derived from the exercise. Sometime during the summer, of course, the battalion would go into camp, mount guard, have mock skirmishes and battles—in a word, have any amount of organized fun. We are sure this plan will commend itself to live boys, and we hope to hear of many military companies among the readers of Our Youth.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

There were four of them, and their faces wore a most disconsolate air as they gazed at one another after the departure of their embroidery teacher.

"The last lesson," sighed Katrina, from her big chair, as she gazed affectionately at the little sample whereon she had finished portraying fruit and flowers after the method of Kensington instruction.

Three other sighs were an eloquent response.

"Such a dear teacher," came at last from Kitty, curled up in a corner of the lounge.

"And such good times," declared Kate, rocking vigorously by way of emphasizing her words. "I declare, it's just too bad that we have to stop."

"Girls!" suddenly exclaimed Katherine, who had been sorting carefully her colored crewels. "I agree with Kate, and I move that we don't stop. We have had just a taste of embroidery in our six lessons —let's keep on."

"Why, we expect to keep on, don't we?" said Katrina, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes—but I mean—let's keep on together."

"How? When? Where?" exclaimed the others in a breath.

"My idea is just this," answered Katherine. "Let us meet here once a week just as we have been doing, and work and talk, and make some use of our 'accomplishment,' as Tom calls it, although he says he doesn't see what we have accomplished."

"We'll show him at Christmas time," laughed Kitty, "when we give him the lambrequin that he has been wanting so long for his room. I vote for your idea, Katherine. Let's begin next week, for the happy twenty-fifth is but two months off."

"Friends, Romans, and cousins!" exclaimed Kate, "listen to me. I move that we meet, but I move that we meet for embroidery *plus* something else."

"There speaketh the mathematical Kate," said Katrina. "What is the something else?"

"The something else," announced Kate, grandly, "is —information; information of all sorts and kinds. I have in my mind's eye an experience club where we all could tell about something invented, discovered, thought of, seen, or heard during the week.

"Kind of a Columbus affair," suggested Katrina.

"Yes," went on Kate, excitedly, "any thing funny, or solemn, or useful, any thing that girls can do, or have done, or will do."

"O, yes," interrupted Kitty, "the things they do in books and in 'Harper's Bazar.' Can't we do those? I always wanted to."

"To be sure, we'll do them all. And we'll call it—what shall we call it?" Kate gazed meditatively at a corner of the ceiling.

"Information Club wouldn't be bad," said Katherine.

"Artists' League," suggested Katrina.

"No," said Kate, "I have it, how do you like this—the Katy-Did Society? You see each one of us is a Katy and we each mean to do something."

"Perfect!" exclaimed the chorus of Katy-dids.

"How fortunate that we all happen to be cousins and had to be named for our great aunt," said Kitty, skipping round to give Katherine a hug on the spot.

"How shall we do it?" asked Katrina, "we haven't much time to look up things out of school."

"Well," answered Kate, "it seems to me that if we know we must bring in some item every time we shall keep our eyes and ears wide open, and will notice many things that we never noticed before. At least we can but try."

"Agreed," said the other Katys, and the meeting adjourned after a suggestion from Kitty that some day they should have a cunning little katy-did pin for the society's badge.

"But we'll wait until we have proved the truth of our name," said the prudent Katherine.

Punctually at three o'clock on the following Saturday afternoon there was held the first meeting of the K. D. S., under which abbreviation the society saw fit to be known. A secretary pro tem was appointed, and it was decided that they should draw lots and give their information in the order thereby imposed.

The lot fell upon Kate, who was equal to the occasion:

"I am fairly pining to tell you of the delightful way of making scrap-books that I have learned about. You know Uncle Will was at our house last week, and one evening I was pasting some things in my scrap-book, just in any order, you know, when he took pity on me and showed me how such things were done at the university. In the department of history there they have boys employed in just cutting items from the papers and in pasting them—not into books as I was doing, but on sheets of stiff brown paper—light brown wrapping paper, I mean. Cut your paper into sheets wide enough to hold as many columns from the newspapers as you desire, and as long as you may think convenient, and on these paste carefully with flour paste the articles that you want to keep. Uncle Will said it would be a good idea for us girls to make such a book or collection of articles on the interesting topics of the day, subjects about which girls as a rule do not know very much. For instance, he suggested that I might collect articles on the Home Rule question, write good, brief editorials, and paste them on sheets, leaving margins for notes and explanations of points or terms whose meaning I did not understand. In this way, he said, I could make a real history which would be my own. And I did it; but I soon found that I would need a pretty big margin to hold all the things I didn't know," and Kate showed several much-annotated pages, pointing out some magazine references for reading that Uncle Will had suggested.

"The beauty of this kind of a scrap-book is that you can add new leaves at any time, and the order of articles is preserved. Subjects of the same kind can be together, and the whole is easily consulted when needed."

The members of the K. D. S. unanimously approved of Kate's information, and voted that the secretary should place in her book as the first item, "How to make a scrap-book." Kitty was the next member called upon, and what she told *Our Girls* shall hear next time.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Siam.

(Area, 250,000 sq. miles; population, 6,000,000; ruler, King Chulalonkorn.)

SIAM is the largest of the three divisions of Indo-China, and it still maintains its condition of independence, although Burmah on the west has fallen into the hands of Great Britain, and Annam on the east acknowledges the authority of France. The full power of the king does not, however, extend to the boundaries of the state as they appear on the maps, for the northern districts are inhabited by fierce tribes which own no over-lord. The mountains of Thibet send out spurs which shut off Siam from Burmah and China, forming a rough region almost unknown to geographers. But the greater part of the kingdom is a broad plain watered by two great rivers. Here lies the middle course of the Mekong, and here the Meinam flows for its whole extent. The latter stream somewhat resembles the Nile in the regularity and utility of its inundations. Such is the richness of the soil and the warmth of the climate that the rudest agriculture results in a bountiful yield of the rice and sugar which are the staple products of Siam. The foreign commerce is small and centers at Bangkok, the only large city. The minor articles of export are hides, ivory, spices, and teak-wood.

The army and navy are small, and are officered by Europeans. Buddhism is the prevailing religion. The common people are kept in a degraded condition of partial slavery to the land-owners, and they show little enterprise. The Chinese, who have entered Siam in large numbers, control most of the trade. The state is subdivided into forty-one provinces, each of which has a royal governor. The king's authority is unlimited, but he is assisted by a council of ministers. There is no representative body.

Traditions exist in which the history of Siam may be traced to the fifth century B. C. In early times the center of the population and government appears to have been in the north, and the march southward to the sea was the work of many generations. In the sixteenth century Cambodia and the entire Malay peninsula were included in Siam, but a period of decay reduced the kingdom to its present limits. Massive ruins exist which bear witness to the magnificence of the empire in its palmy days.

The British Elections.

THE elections for the British House of Commons are completed, and neither of the principal parties has secured a majority. The Conservatives have chosen 317 members, and the Gladstonian Liberals 193. There are 86 Parnellites, and 74 Liberal Unionists (opposed to Gladstone on the subject of Home Rule). The one question of the campaign was Home Rule, and in the newly elected Parliament there will be a majority of over 100 against Mr. Gladstone's proposals. But the fact that there is no other bond of union between the Conservatives and their present Liberal allies than this common hostility to a single measure renders the situation delicate and interesting.

The elections resulting as they did, some anxiety was felt in regard to the Premier's course. It was feared in the Conservative camp that he would meet Parliament without resigning, declare that, as the country had shown its unwillingness to settle the Home Rule question, that matter would be postponed until later in the session, and drawing to himself the whole strength of Liberals and Parnellites would maintain his place at the head of the government. At a meeting of the cabinet, however, July 17, it was decided that the ministry should resign before the meeting of Parliament. This was accordingly done. A messenger was dispatched to the queen with the resignations, and Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader, was summoned to form a cabinet. Inasmuch as the Conservative government, being in a minority, must depend for its continuance upon the support of at least a score of the Liberal Unionists, it was supposed that Lord Hartington, the Unionist chief, would enter the new cabinet with a number of his associates. But he is said to have refused Lord Salisbury's offers, and the new government will stand or fall as Conservative only. Its supporters confidently predict a long and successful administration. It has, indeed, many difficult questions to deal with, besides the Irish matter: Russia seems on the eve of new advances upon Turkey; the Anglo-Russian commission for determining the Afghan boundary is said to have separated in despair of a just settlement; while France closely watched by Germany is apparently entering upon a new and dangerous era for the Republic. To direct the policy of England amid such perils will demand all the genius of Lord Salisbury, even with a solid party at his back; the task will be indeed arduous with the House of Commons in unstable equilibrium.

The Extradition Treaty.

UNTIL a comparatively recent date a criminal could escape punishment by flight from the country whose laws he had broken. The development of international law has remedied this defect by extradition treaties. Extradition is the surrender of an accused fugitive to the authorities of the country in which the crime was committed. The Constitution provides that extradition shall exist between the several States, and since 1842 our government has established similar relations with the more important foreign nations. Our treaty with Great Britain, however, was so defective upon this point that both nations have suffered from its omissions. Canada has become the notorious resort of a certain class of criminals, while the dynamiters who have disturbed the peace of England have found a safe asylum in our own land. More than one attempt to amend the treaty has been frustrated by national jealousy, or by the apprehension that the United States would be called upon to surrender persons charged with political crimes. The negotiations have at last resulted in a convention between Minister Phelps and Lord Rosebery, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. This document, which has been published prematurely, not yet having been ratified by either government, extends the rules of extradition between the two countries to four additional crimes—manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement or larceny to the value of $50 and upward, and malicious injury to property by which the life of any person shall be endangered, if such injury constitutes a crime under both American and English law. Further provision is made that no accused person shall be tried for any offense except that for which he was surrendered; no person shall be given up for a purely political offense, nor if he can prove that political reasons are the real cause of the demand for his surrender. The new arrangement will not of course be retroactive, that is, it will not apply to already existing cases; the refugees now in Montreal and New York will not be disturbed. Neither will the new arrangement interfere with another matter which is of some importance. It is charged that this country, in addition to being "the land of the free and the home of the brave," was also the vantage ground of political outlaws who find here a safe place to concoct their murderous schemes. It is undeniable that our country has furnished a home for many refugees of world-wide reputation—the names of Johann Most and O'Donovan Rossa are only a few of the long catalogue of this class—and it is a serious annoyance to Great Britain that the so-called dynamiters may here plot in safety the deeds murderously executed across the Atlantic. But of this class of criminals the proposed treaty takes no notice. Some of the most influential journals in America demand that this land shall no longer be the home of dynamiters, claiming that their crimes are too heinous to be treated with mercy.

A Brief Survey.

ALBANY, N. Y., observed July 18–22, the bi-centennial of its incorporation as a city in 1686.——A large fire in the lumber yards of St. Louis, Mo., July 18, destroyed property valued at $400,000.——The steam-ship *Gate City*, from Savannah for Boston, went ashore in a fog, July 18, on an island in Vineyard Sound, near the spot where the *City of Columbus* was lost in 1884. The passengers and crew were landed in safety.——By a collision on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, July 20, seven persons were killed.——The Boston and New York Express crashed into a gravel train near Bridgeport, Conn., July 20, killing two Italian laborers. The engineer of the express train was arrested for manslaughter. He disobeyed the danger signal.——Six men, all Knights of Labor, were arrested July 19 on the charge of wrecking a freight train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, at Wyandotte, Kan., April 26, during the great strike. Two men were killed in the wreck, and the local feeling against the prisoners is intensely bitter.——The Senate passed the "Oleomargarine Bill" July 20, after reducing the tax on imitation butter from 5 to 2 cents per pound. The House agreed to the reduction and the bill has gone to the President.——The Senate refused, by a vote of 44 to 17, to investigate the election of Senator Payne, of Ohio, who was charged with procuring his election by the corrupt use of money in influencing the State Legislature.——The figures of the exports, imports, and immigration of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30 have just been published. The exports of merchandise were $679,425,792, the smallest since 1880–81. The imports were $635,253,606, an increase of $47,000,000 over the figures for 1884–85. The total immigration of the year is 328,917 against 349,030, the figures of 1884–85.——One Brodie, a New York boot-black, aged 23 years, jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, a height of 120 feet to the East River, July 23, without seriously injuring himself. He seems to have been prompted by a desire for notoriety and to win a small wager.——There is much hard feeling in Texas against Mexico. Mr. Cutting, an American editor in the Mexican town of El Paso del Norte was imprisoned for writing a libelous article against a Mexican citizen. The imprisonment is said to be unjust, and the State Department has demanded Cutting's release.

Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, the third American cardinal, was installed July 21, receiving the scarlet hat, the symbol of his office, from the messengers of the pope.——Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon), recently banished from France, is coming to New York to meet his son, who is returning from a tour around the globe.——The new constitution of the U. S. of Colombia, now in process of revision, centralizes the government and gives to the president the power to appoint the governors of two of the principal states, whose magistrates have hitherto been chosen by the people.——The New Zealand papers bring the details of the violent eruption of Mt. Tarawara, a volcano on the northern island. The mountain was torn asunder and several native villages were destroyed.——Carl von Piloty, the famous German painter of historical scenes, and president of the Munich Academy of Fine Arts, is dead at the age of 62.——Revolts are reported in the Mexican states of Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas on the Texan border.

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—Smith—"I saw you carrying home a couple of nice-looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?"

Brown—"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."—*Life.*

—Pat—"An' what sort of a wagon is that?"

Mike—"A donkey-cart, to be sure, for me childer to ride in."

Pat—"An' where's the donkey you hook to it?"

Mike—"Faith, an' I pull it mesilf."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked,

"Wilt thou have this woman," etc.

The man started in surprise, and replied:

"Ay, surely! Whoy, I comed a' purpose!"—*Ex.*

—In the Malden high school not long ago, the principal asked the class in rhetoric to clear the following sentence of metaphor: "The sanctity of the lawn should be preserved." The class set their wits to work but no one seemed wise. The principal exclaimed:

"Can no one answer the question?"

A bright lad of fifteen threw up his hand.

"Well, Master S., you seem to be the only one in the class to answer. What is it?"

Amid profound silence Master S. said:

"Keep off the grass!"—*Ex.*

—"What a very pretty girl your friend is, Miss Constantina," said Dumley. "Such bright eyes and clear complexion one seldom sees. Hasn't she Irish blood in her veins?"

"O yes," Miss Constantine replied, "she is a true daughter of Erin Go Bragh."

"Well, all I have to say is," added Dumley, who greatly admires a pretty girl, "Mr. and Mrs. Go Bragh ought to be proud of her."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A Slight Misunderstanding.—A little Montgomery miss wanted some ice-cream the other evening. She wouldn't accept her mother's refusal, and as a last resort she sent her to her father. The question was put to him, who answered, "Not much." She went back to her mother and told her that her papa said "she could have a little."—*Montgomery Standard.*

—Traveler—"Mister, what time does that 'commodation git in that's goin' down ter Smik's Clearin'?"

Ticket-agent (within)—"From half pas' one to 'bout three in the afternoon."

Traveler—"Is she generally on time?"

Ticket-agent—"Generally."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Mr. Robinson, of Springfield, Ill., has a little granddaughter whose governess is a stanch Methodist. A few months ago she visited a convent in Indiana in company with an aunt and the latter's little daughter. The last-mentioned child told one of the sisters that she was a Catholic, and the sister piously exclaimed:

"Thank God for that!" and turning to Mr. Robinson's granddaughter, she inquired: "And, my little one, what are you?"

"I'm a Mefodus, thank God for that!" which astonished her aunt as much as it amused the pious sister.—*Omaha Bee.*

—"How would you proceed to find out the age of a tree?" asked a teacher last week, and the answer came back from one of the scholars,

"I should first find out when it was planted."

Another instructor said:

"Give an example of a flesh-eating animal," and the reply was, without circumlocution or evasion:

"A cannibal."

The pupil was right, but the answer she gave was not the one that was looked for. She evidently recognized the fact that there are brutes who walk on two legs.—*Boston Budget.*

—"My dear children," said Deacon Bucrag, in his address to the Sunday-school, "since my last visit I notice many new faces among you, and it fills my heart with joy. Can you tell me, dear children, what it is that has caused this growing attendance? what it is that brings these bright young faces to the Sabbath-school? what it is that—"

"I know," interrupted an excited little boy on the front row, "it's the picnic season."

—Voice from above—"Julia, it's ten o'clock."

Julia—"Thanks, mum. Please be afther letting me know when it's eleven."—*Puck.*

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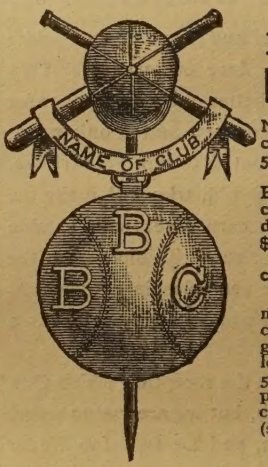

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